

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

Another casket they done asked me to carry
Another homeboy blasted they done asked me bury
I'm still exhausted from the last one, the setting was very
Hard to swallow but typical when the hood hit the cemetery
My heart is heavy for the families
Trapped in this tragedy of madness and insanity
Blapped in the street behind some bullsh*t he never seen
Got me thinking back upon the way we used to scrap we when was young and beefin'
When we would beat 'em, or might get did
But we let it go and lived, forgiven
N***as knuckled up, buckled up, wasn't no whip it out and blast
Just because somebody muggin' when we pa**ed
When is thuggin' gone pa**, and this manhood thing come back around
Cause unity is cool by me
But until we get the message 'bout this death I say the rest is a wash
Too many livin' we lost, damn

[Hook: Paris]

Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Got me puttin' on my murder suit
In my best black too many times from all the shootin'
Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Now I'm puttin' on my murder suit
Got my best black one mo' time from all the shootin's

[Verse 2: Paris]

At the church again, sh*t is startin' to hurt again
Lookin' at another brotha layin' in a hearse again
Hear the Bible verse and then is off to the grave yard
A consequence of n***as thinkin' they hard
Put my arm around his mama but it ain't same thing as her child
She raised him up to never try to gangbang or be wild
A damn shame that he left to be a memory now
Plus he black and from the hood so ain't no empathy, wow
And I wore my "Rest In Peace" shirt to the viewin'
And they still ain't found the shooter

It's too bad now, it seems like it's gettin' normal to hear
About some murder in the neighborhood but nobody cares
It's all about this chrome fo'-fo'
Cause ain't nobody tryin' to box no mo'
I'm representin' for the homies throwin' things in the street
Realizin' at the same time, that's just me, god damn

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[Verse 3: Paris]

Never give up on my people, never leave 'em behind
Instead of teach 'em how to dougie, I'ma teach 'em to rise
I see these youngsta's tryin' to mug me but I see in they eyes
An intelligent, soldier who can see though the lies
It's really all what you believe in your mind, I believe you gone shine
But in these streets you gon' die if ain't no peace with yo kind
I ain't talkin' bout no gang affiliation
I'm talking doin' what it takes to change the situation
In this nation, you can be a brother with chips
Or be another statistic on a government list
Or do it like the brothers with the black gloves and a fist up
For revolution, even if you get ya wrist cuffed
You can be a great scholar or an African king
Instead of blappin' for bling, or somewhere trapped in the bend
You much better than a "rest in peace" legacy destiny
It's all about upliftment and lettin' the rest be

[Outro]

What are we looking at?
Two gunshot wounds to the upper-left chest cavity
At least three bullet holes in his left abdomen
I'm gonna need access. Here, I'm gonna start a subclavian line
Blood's filling his chest cavity. He'll need bilateral tubes
Betadine
Then take him up right now and start an ex-lap

We're gonna cut into your chest to place a tube that will help you breathe
It's gonna hurt like hell, but it's the only way